THE CHAOS EFFECT

β BETA

VALIANT

OCT NO. 16
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TUROK

DINOSAUR HUNTER

™

BIG BEND COUNTRY. IN THE TEXAS PANHANDLE.
SEE ANYTHING, SKEETER?
NADA. AND OUR BATTERIES ARE STONE DEAD. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING, BUT IT FRIED OUR EQUIPMENT.
JEEP WON'T START.
THEY EVER MAKE IT ACROSS THE RIVER, WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO PACK IT OUT ON FOOT.
WE'LL MAKE THE BEANERS PACK IT OUT. AT LEAST THE GUNS STILL WORK.
WHATEVER'S DOIN' THIS TO THE SKY--IT MUST BE SOMETHING BIG.
WHO CARES? PEOPLE STILL WANT TO GET HIGH-- ESPECIALLY DURING HARD TIMES.
HOPE WE GOT ENOUGH WATER TO PACK IT OUT. AHM 'GONNA CHECK.
TWENTY-FIVE MILES TO APACHE WELLS.
SHOULDA BEEN HERE BY NOW.
HEY BUZZ! SOMETHING GOT IN HERE AND RIPPED OUT OUR SUPPLIES!
WHAT'S THAT SMELL?!
BUZZ!

TUROK, DINOSAUR HUNTER® Vol 1 No 16, October, 1994. Published by VALIANT®, a division of Voyager Communications Inc., Steven J. Massarsky, Secretary. Office of Publication: 275 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10001. ©1994 Voyager Communications Inc. Turok is a registered trademark of Western Publishing Inc. All other characters herein and the distinctive likenesses thereof which originally appeared in publications originally published by Western Publishing Company, Inc. are trademarks of Western Publishing Company, Inc. All other characters herein and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of Voyager Communications Inc. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any persons living or dead, or any institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. PRINTED IN CANADA

TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER

THE CHAOS EFFECT

THE SNAKE MAN

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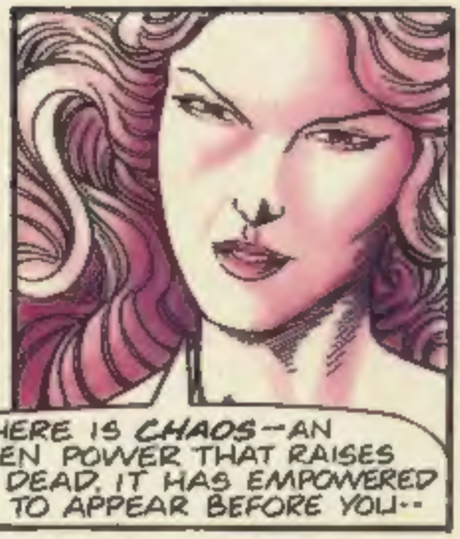
BOB LAYTON
Editor-in-Chief

YAHHH!
SCREE?!
GRONK?
SCREEE!
SWACK
SCREEE!

MANY MILES AWAY.
YAHHH!
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED TO THE EARTH.
DA'TA I SO' DA'TE! DA'TA I SO' DA'TE!
DO'M EZÄ N'TEDA'TE/DE'I MHA DA'TE, BE' A' MA' NHAYI'! *
I'VE BEEN ON THIS ROCK FOR SIX DAYS AND NIGHTS WAITING FOR A SIGN.
THEN, LAST NIGHT, MY HEAD WAS FILLED WITH THE WHITE HOT RAGE OF THE THUNDER LIZARDS AND THE PAIN OF THE EARTH.
* TRANSLATION: "THE FATHER WILL DESCEND, THE EARTH WILL TREMBLE, EVERYBODY WILL ARISE, STRETCH OUT OUR HANDS."
IS THIS MY SIGN? THIS PAIN IN MY HEAD?
NO, TUROK. I AM YOUR SIGN.

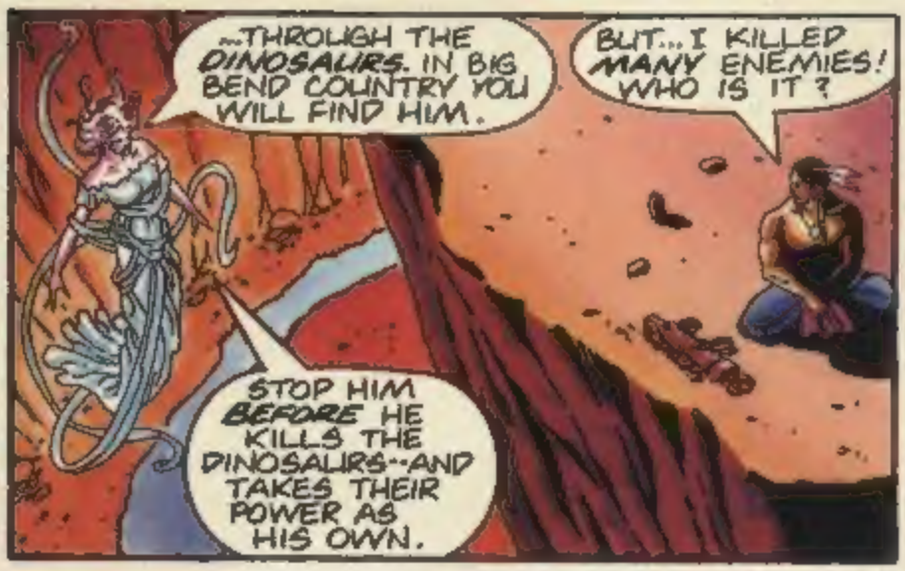
THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH!
NO, TUROK. I AM SANDRIA DARQUE. LIKE YOU, I COME FROM AN EARLIER TIME.
BUT YOU ARE NOT KIOWA--YOU RADIATE THE POWER OF THE DEAD.

IT MAKES ME COLD! WHAT HAS BEFALLEN THE EARTH THAT YOU COME TO ME, PALE LADY?


THERE IS CHAOS--AN ALIEN POWER THAT RAISES THE DEAD. IT HAS EMPOWERED ME TO APPEAR BEFORE YOU--

WHY ME? YOU ARE NO SPIRIT OF MINE.
TO WARN YOU OF AN EVIL MAN--A SHAMAN--A DEAD MAN.
HE HAS GREAT POWER. AND HE HATES YOU.

A CENTURY AND A HALF AGO YOU KILLED HIM. NOW HE'S BACK AND HE SEEKS POWER...


...THROUGH THE DINOSAURS. IN BIG BEND COUNTRY YOU WILL FIND HIM.
BUT... I KILLED MANY ENEMIES! WHO IS IT?
STOP HIM BEFORE HE KILLS THE DINOSAURS--AND TAKES THEIR POWER AS HIS OWN.

I SAID YOU WEREN'T KIOWA, BUT NOW I SEE SOME OF OUR BLOOD FLOWS IN YOUR VEINS.
I ASK AGAIN, WHO IS THIS SHAMAN WHO HAS RISEN TO CHALLENGE ME?
TO SAY MORE WOULD RISK MASSIVE REPERCUSSIONS. PLEASE FORGIVE ME, TUROK.
I HAD NO CHOICE.
WAIT!
WHAT A VISION!
BIG BEND COUNTRY-- THE PECOS RIVER. I HUNTED THERE WITH ANDAR BEFORE WE FELL INTO THE LOST LAND.
I KILLED MANY MEN IN DEFENSE OF THE PEOPLE, BUT WHO AMONG THEM WAS A SHAMAN?

"KILLED THREE OF MY CATTLE!"
"GOD HELP US!"
"SCREW YOUR CATTLE! THEY'VE KILLED FIVE PEOPLE!"
"THE PHONE LINES ARE STILL DEAD-- WE'RE COMPLETELY CUT OFF."
"WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE GOVERNOR!"
"ALL RIGHT! CALM DOWN! ORDER!"

ORDER! WE GOT TO HAVE ORDER OR WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!
SHERIFF BURNS HAS A FEW WORDS.

FIRST OF ALL, LET'S NOT PANIC. IT'S TRUE THESE OVERGROWN LIZARDS HAVE KILLED FIVE PEOPLE, BUT THEY TOOK 'EM BY SURPRISE!

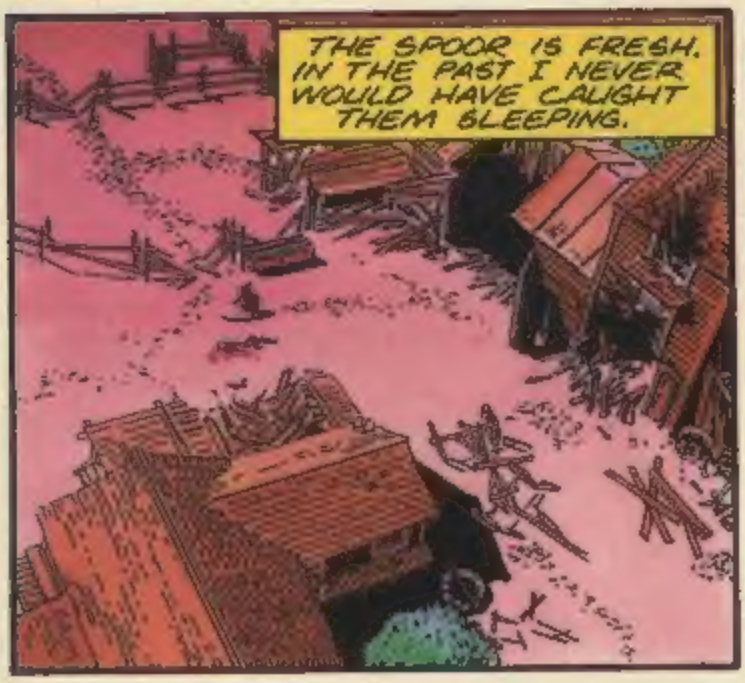
THEY WERE CIVILIANS! BIG AS THEY ARE, THESE LIZARDS ARE JUST DUMB ANIMALS. THEY HAVEN'T FACED ANY TEXANS WHO WERE READY FOR 'EM!

NOW I'M ASKIN' FOR VOLUNTEERS TO HELP ME TRACK AND KILL THE BEASTS.

WELL?
THAT'S WHY WE PAY TAXES!
I GOT A WIFE AND KIDS!
I'LL KILL THE BEASTS.

HUH?
WHO THE HECK ARE YOU?
HOW'D HE GET PAST THE DINOSAURS?
WHO ARE YOU, MISTER?
CALL ME SIDEWINDER I'M A PROFESSIONAL HUNTER. I DON'T NEED ANY OF YOU. STAY AT HOME. I'LL KILL THE BEASTS...
--WITH THIS.
AN OLD BUFFALO GUN?
YOU'RE CRAZY!
SO WHAT? LET THE STRANGER HAVE A CHANCE.
WHAT'S YORE PRICE FOR THIS SERVICE, MR. SIDEWINDER?
JUST THE PELTS. STAY INSIDE UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM ME.

THUNDER LIZARDS KILLED THIS MAN--
BUT THE RAMPAGE IS NEW. BEFORE.
THEY WOULDN'T WASTE THEIR TIME.
THIS IS THE WORK OF DUMB BEASTS
IN A FURY.


THE SPOOR IS FRESH.
IN THE PAST I NEVER
WOULD HAVE CAUGHT
THEM SLEEPING.

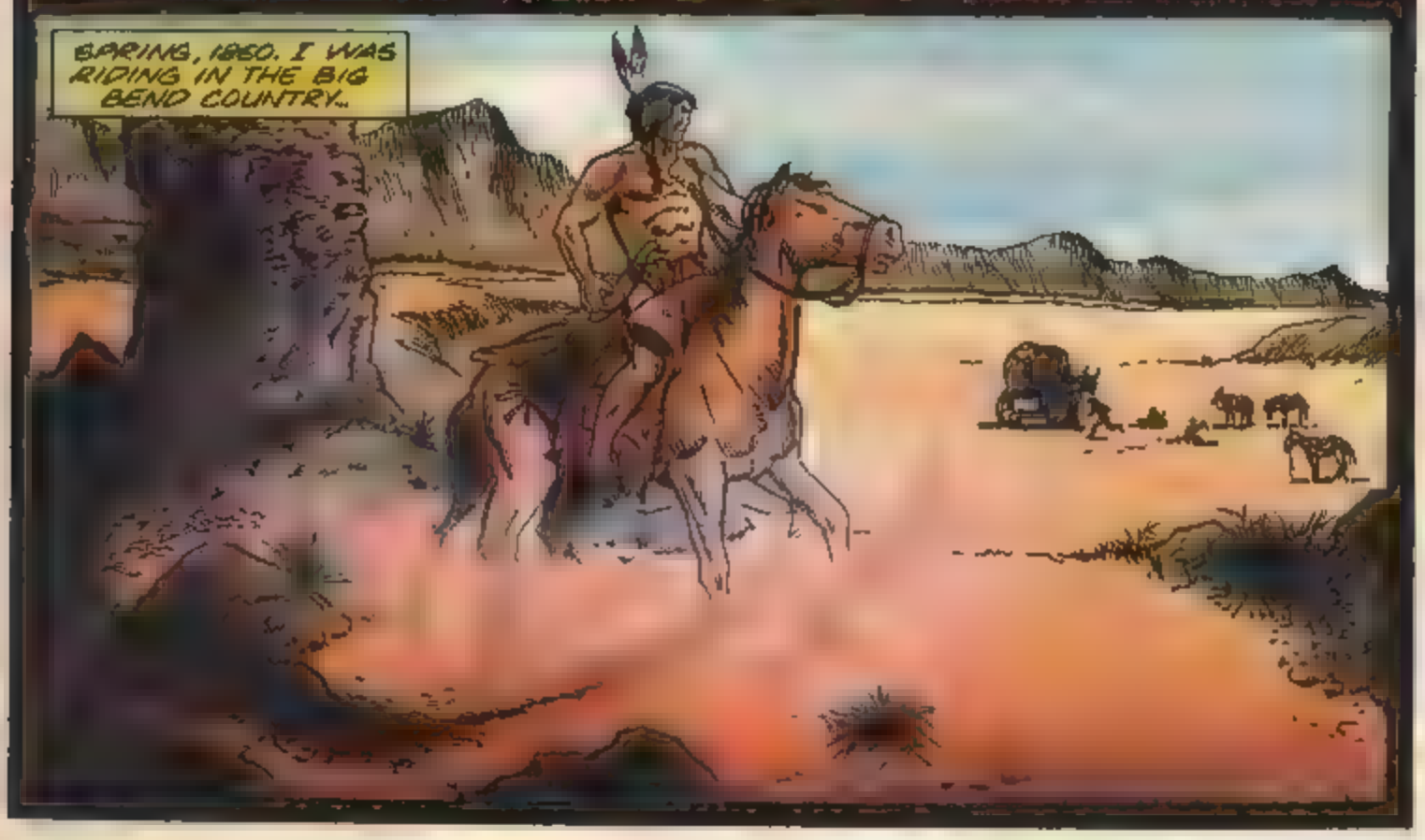
BUT EVERYTHING HAS
CHANGED SINCE THE
NIGHT OF THE SHOOTING
STARS...THE LIZARDS
HAVE LOST THEIR NEAR-
HUMAN INTELLIGENCE--
AND REGAINED THEIR
ANIMAL CUNNING.

I HAVE GROWN
CLOSER TO THE
EARTH. I CAN'T
EXPLAIN IT. BUT I
FEEL DEEP
VIBRATIONS
TALKING TO ME.

THEY WARN ME
OF DANGER.
SSSSS

A CORAL SNAKE-- DEADLIEST OF DESERT DWELLERS. THEIR BITE IS ALMOST INSTANTLY FATAL

THE VISION OVERPOWERS ME LIKE A FLASH FLOOD.

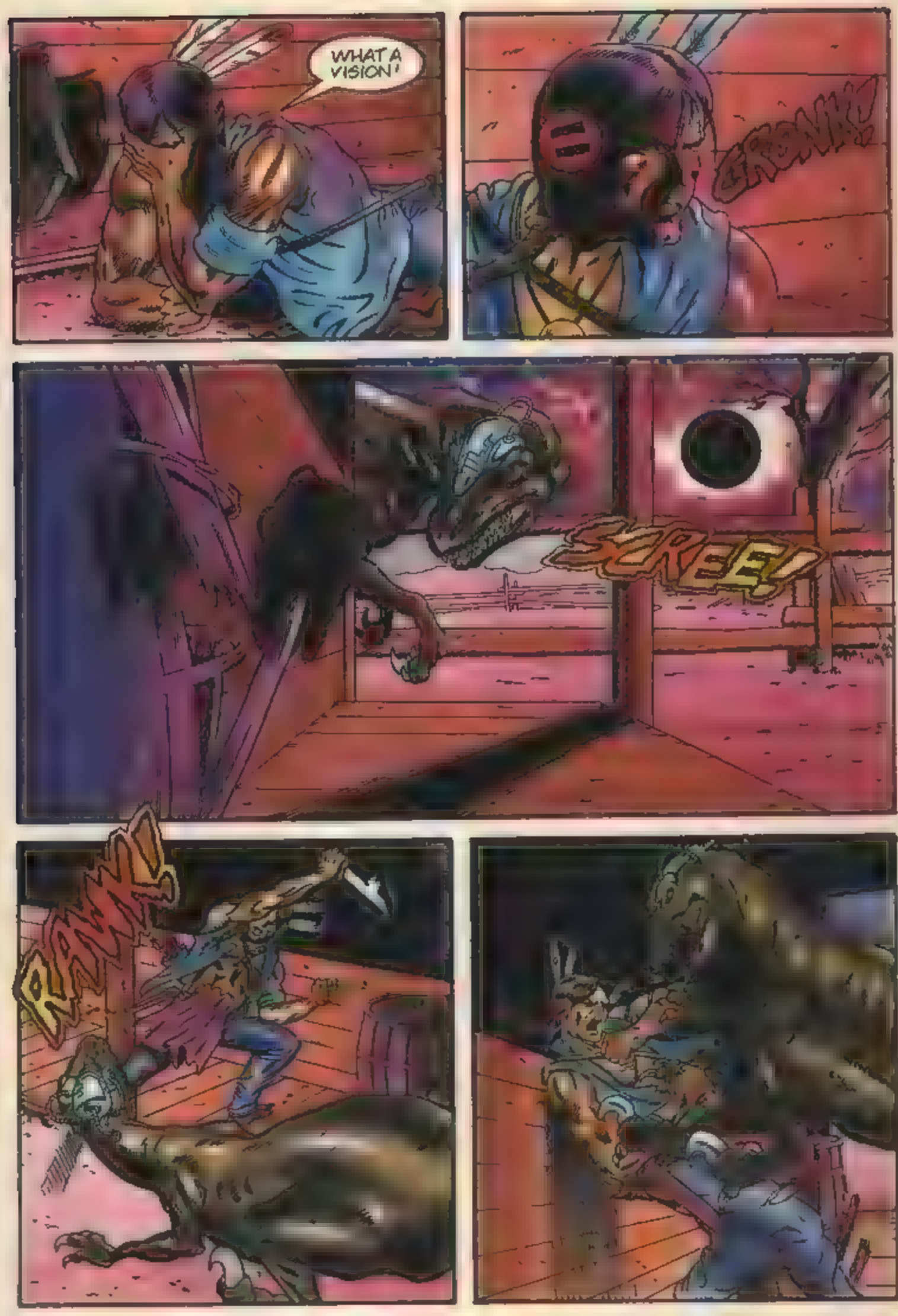

SPRING, 1860. I WAS RIDING IN THE BIG BEND COUNTRY..

I DIDN'T KNOW ENGLISH, BUT THE WOMAN'S CRIES WERE PLAIN
HELP ME SOMEBODY, PLEASE!
KI YI YI!
WHY DO THE APACHE MAKE WAR ON WOMEN AND CHILDREN?
WHAT DOES A KIOWA CARE?
THE KIOWA ARE ALL SQUAW-MEN! THE LAKOTA CHASED THEM DOWN HERE...
NOW YOU WILL JOIN THESE PALE GHOSTS IN AMUSING US.

DON'T KILL HIM, MANGAV THIS ONE MUST SUFFER BEFORE HE DIES--I WILL DERIVE GREAT POWER FROM HIS AGONY
GET OFF THE HORSE, KIOWA.
THUNK
COME, THEN, KIOWA. MY KNIFE THIRSTS FOR YOUR BLOOD.

COYOTE WILL GNAW YOUR BONES AND YOUR SPIRIT WILL NEVER KNOW PEACE.
I WALK THE GHOST PATH I DO NOT FEAR DEATH
KILL HIM, MISTER! HE MURDERED MY MOLLY!
KI KI KI!
NOW I HAVE MURDERED YOU!
I AM SNAKEHANDLER, KIOWA. YOU CANNOT BEAT ME. DO NOT THE KIOWA FEAR SNAKES?

CHONK
HA HA! YOU HAVE KILLED ME, KIOWA, BUT I AM A SHAMAN OF THE DEAD--
WHEN THE SKY TURNS BLACK AT NOON, WHEN METAL BIRDS FALL FROM THE SKY, I SHALL RETURN AND TAKE MY VENGEANCE ON YOU!
SO I SEPARATED THE PARTS OF HIS BODY AND SPREAD THEM FOR COYOTE AND VULTURE.
FOR A LONG TIME THE SHAMAN HAUNTED MY DREAMS BUT WHEN I FELL INTO THE LOST LAND I FORGOT ABOUT HIM.


WHAT A VISION!
GRONK!
SCREE!
RAWR!

HEY NA HEY HEY!
GASP!
IN THE OLD DAYS, THIS MUCH MEAT WOULD FEED MY TRIBE FOR TWO FULL MOONS.
BUT I'M NOT THINKING ABOUT MEAT
I'M THINKING ABOUT ITS MATE.

THE FEMALE WILL BE MORE CUNNING, HARDER TO KILL.
I'VE LOST MUCH BLOOD. I PRAY TO THE SPIRIT GODS TO GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO SLAY THE FEMALE.
I CAN FEEL HER NEARBY NOW I CAN SMELL HER
AN OLD CISTERN. AN ANCIENT TRICK. BUT THE THUNDER LIZARDS NO LONGER THINK LIKE MEN
IT TAKES ME A HALF HOUR TO CONCEAL THE HOLE.
I FEEL LIGHT-HEADED, BUT I MUST CONTINUE
RAWNK!
THE FEMALE HAS FOUND HER MATE.

SO WEAK MY HAND TREMBLES. MY EYE HAS LOST ITS CUNNING
ONLY ONE CHANCE NOW
HEY NA HEY HEY!
SSST.!
RAWNK!
IT WORKED FOR BILE-- LET IT WORK FOR ME.

THE BEAST'S SPINE IS BROKEN. IT SCRAMBLES FUTILELY AGAINST THE CISTERN WALLS...
SKREE-AWK!
THE SPIRITS HAVE SMILED ON ME.
GREETINGS, KIOWA! WE MEET AGAIN, EH?
SNAKEHANDLER... THE APACHE...
I TOLD YOU I'D RETURN. I'LL KILL THE THUNDER LIZARD AND ITS POWER WILL BE MINE.
IN YOUR PRESENT CONDITION, A CHILD COULD KILL YOU.

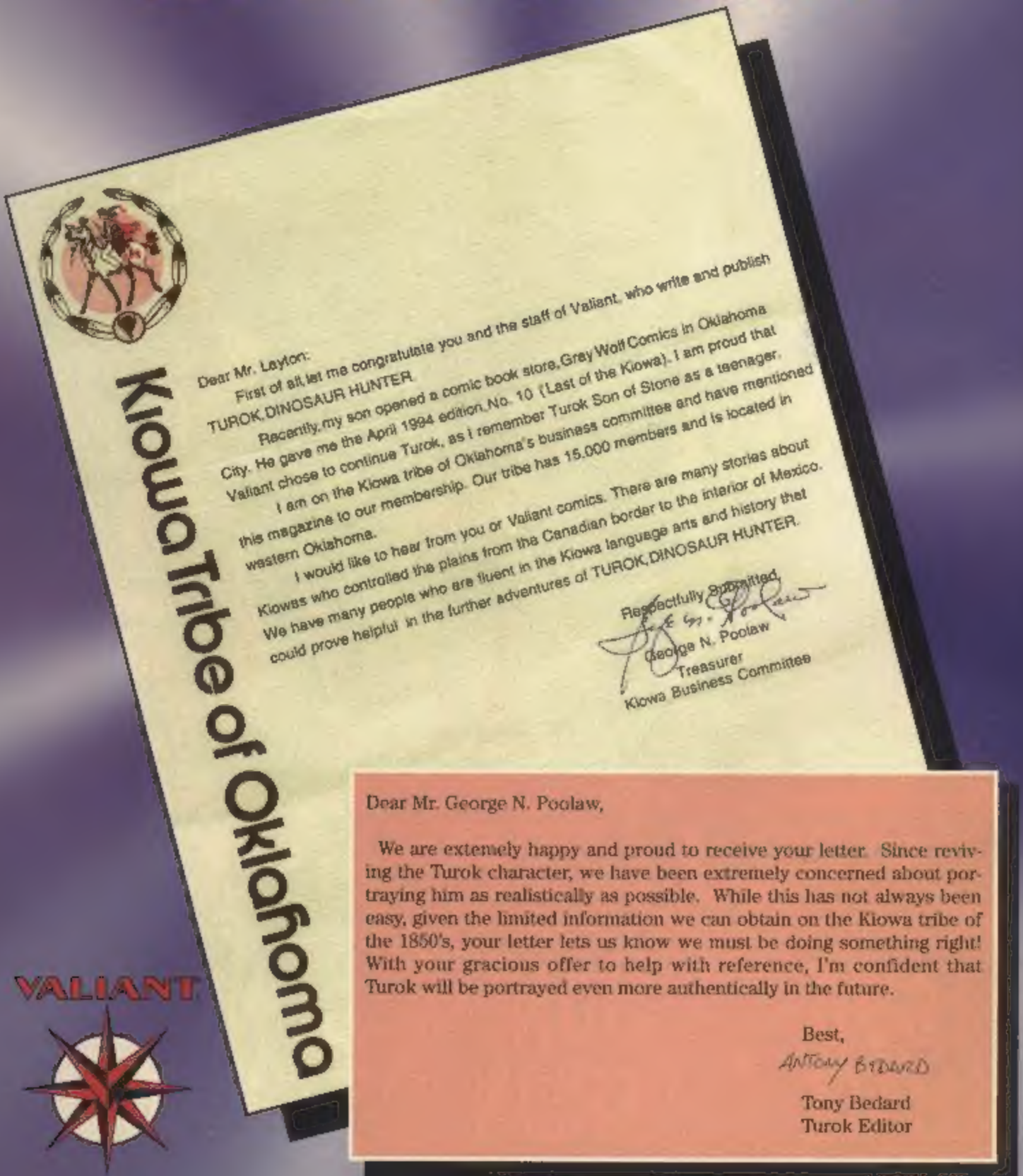
I'D LIKE TO TAKE MY TIME WITH YOU, BUT I HAVE DUTIES IN THIS NEW AGE...
SURPRISE!
YOU WON'T LAST FIFTEEN MINUTES. AND YOUR SPIRIT WILL WANDER FOREVER, KNOWING NO PEACE. FAREWELL, KIOWA.
PTUI!

DA K ÑAGO (LM) ZÁ' NTEÁHE'DAL, DE DOM EZÁ NTEÁKE'DAL, DE IMGO (Á) DÁ TODE YO'. DE BEKO'DATSÁ.*
*THE SPIRIT ARMY IS APPROACHING, THE WHOLE WORLD IS MOVING ONWARD. SEE! EVERYBODY IS STANDING, LET US ALL PRAY.

Cover Colorist: BILL DUNN • Letterer: ADAM NIEDWIEKI • Editors: TONY BEDARD & JULIE CRIMMINS

TUROK DINOSAUR HUNTER®

LETTER OF THE MONTH



Kiowa Tribe of Oklahoma

Dear Mr. Layton:

First of all, let me congratulate you and the staff of Valiant, who write and publish TUROK, DINOSAUR HUNTER.

Recently, my son opened a comic book store, Grey Wolf Comics in Oklahoma City. He gave me the April 1994 edition No. 10 (Last of the Kiowa). I am proud that Valiant chose to continue Turok, as I remember Turok Son of Stone as a teenager.

I am on the Kiowa tribe of Oklahoma's business committee and have mentioned this magazine to our membership. Our tribe has 15,000 members and is located in western Oklahoma.

I would like to hear from you or Valiant comics. There are many stories about Kiowas who controlled the plains from the Canadian border to the interior of Mexico. We have many people who are fluent in the Kiowa language arts and history that could prove helpful in the further adventures of TUROK, DINOSAUR HUNTER.

Respectfully Submitted,

George N. Poolaw
Treasurer
Kiowa Business Committee

VALIANT

Dear Mr. George N. Poolaw,

We are extremely happy and proud to receive your letter. Since reviving the Turok character, we have been extremely concerned about portraying him as realistically as possible. While this has not always been easy, given the limited information we can obtain on the Kiowa tribe of the 1850's, your letter lets us know we must be doing something right! With your gracious offer to help with reference, I'm confident that Turok will be portrayed even more authentically in the future.

Best,

Tony Bedard

Tony Bedard
Turok Editor

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:

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